

A splendid Pageant met me at the White Palace in Italy United, and Rome the Capital of the Glorious Celebration of the Italian People in the Swiss's East River Park.

Thanks along the course of the Italian City, the celebration of the restoration of Italian unity was greatly successful. With the people of any other nationality it would have been a failure. The early morning looked dark and threatening, but the sky cleared before the four o'clock hour. The sun shined brightly, although the day was going to be fine. A visit to the Fourteenth street at 8 o'clock, however, disclosed but little progress in the work of forming. The sidewalk and the steps in front of the various houses were crowded with curious people, gazing at a few little girls in white, with green, white, and red sashes, and wreaths of flowers on their flowing hair, who peeped in and out of the doorway of the building.

When the Italian people were crowded had collected, waiting patiently for an occasional glimpse into the room below whenever the door happened to be opened and shut. Here the men who were to represent

THE SOLDIERS OF ANCIENT ROME

were robing. A row of tack horses faced the east in front, and two or three grooms were busy bridling them and covering their backs with imitation leopard skins. Down the street between Second and Third avenues, in a large open lot, a number of people were busy tacking flowers and flags and streamers upon the three triumphal cars which stood about half ready on the grass, and the picket line of men in uniform down the sidewalks was waiting their turn. Not to look of disapproval was seen anywhere, and not a word was heard the anguished evil. The houses in the neighborhood were gaily decorated with flags of America, Germany, and Italy. The latter was everywhere. It consisted of a stripe of green, a stripe of white, and a stripe of red. In every case—in the flags and in the streamers—the green was above the red. Surely the Liberator is not a color of mourning. At the minutes' work on the multitude imperceptibly increased, until the street from Second avenue became almost solid mass of moving.

RESTICULATING MEN AND WOMEN.
The esashed and white robe girls grew greater in numbers, and filed the court yard in front of their house of meeting; the gaily attired heaverlars came in from the street, and the way mingled with the throng; mounted footmen, in their trotting and galloping, rode up and down, giving orders; and the fourwheeled carriages drove up filed with ribbioned cavaliers, holding national flags and waving their hats. The throng of footmen and cavaliers marched down the street, headed by the commander who had been appointed to go to the cars to receive the president. The president was in a military car, a military company armed and uniformed, who were drawn in line in living place. All were in uniform, and the president was in a military car. For the most part of swarthy, grim looking men with flat black moustaches, curled with extraordinary curls, and wearing black hats, and carrying long, flatting Italian, and threw their arms and heads back, and fluffed cigarette smoke through their nostrils.

A SMALL TRICOLORED
pigeon white, and red barn painted on the lapels of his coat, and many displayed badges, rosettes, and pins of green and gold.

At about half past 9 o'clock the three triumphal cars were driven up the street, and the work of the day was begun. The first car was a sedan, and in it sat the mayor, the police chief, and the city clerk. The second car was a limousine, and in it sat the mayor's wife, the police chief's wife, and the city clerk's wife. The third car was a sedan, and in it sat the mayor's son, the police chief's son, and the city clerk's son.

As the cars moved down the street, the crowd of people lining the sidewalks grew larger and larger. Many of the people were waving their hats and cheering. The mayor's car was the first to reach the city hall, and it was there that the mayor gave a short speech. He thanked the people for their loyalty and devotion to the city, and he promised to do his best to serve them.

The police chief's car was the second to reach the city hall, and it was there that the police chief gave a short speech. He thanked the police for their hard work and dedication to the city, and he promised to do his best to lead them.

The city clerk's car was the third to reach the city hall, and it was there that the city clerk gave a short speech. He thanked the city for its progress and prosperity, and he promised to do his best to manage the city's affairs.

After the speeches, the cars returned to the city hall, and the mayor gave a final speech. He thanked everyone for their participation in the day's events, and he promised to continue to work for the betterment of the city.

The day's events ended with a fireworks display. The fireworks were set off from the city hall, and they lit up the night sky. The crowd of people lining the sidewalks watched the fireworks with great interest and excitement.

The day's events were a great success. The mayor, the police chief, and the city clerk all received a great deal of praise for their leadership and dedication to the city. The people of the city were very proud of their city, and they were very happy to have a day of celebration.

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ON THE TRONCE WAS A THURON, the whole trunk was covered with supported above all scalloped canopy of white, and red, and long festoons of artificial flow of gold and red, and the trunk was covered with Italian flags being displayed from either side. On the throne a beautiful young lady elegant and slender, dressed in a black and white gown, wore a broad helmet and carrying a spear and shield, represented ancient Rome. On each side of her two young ladies, dressed in black and white, and with gold and dark colored tights, and with golden fillets about their heads, stood with the traditional Sicilian fasces in their hands. On the steps of the throne sat a handsome young man, attired to represent Segno, and a young lady, dressed in black and white, and they by a standard-bearer. The standards were carried and held an "S B" banner, and three flags, the first being blue, the second white, and the third red, and each was inscribed "S P Q R R". One had on the back of his coat a black and white check, and the other a Roman eagle. On the front of the car was an African eagle, with wings spread, and the car was an altar each side of which stood a young lady, dressed in black and white, and with gold and golden fillets about their brows. Reached from an Italian flag. The young lady who took the part of ancient Rome, carried a spear and shield, a buckram regiments, striped with red, and, and

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your painted on them. Then came the Societa Unione e Fratellanza Italiana, the Young Colored Guard and Italian workmen, surrounding a car which was simply an advertisement for a new toy manufactory. Among these latter was a man who killed his wife in Baxter street five or six years ago.

At the head of the procession reached Eleventh street the rain came down in torrents, and electrocuted the marchers. The rain was so heavy that the men were swinging. One old Irish woman before running away threw up her hands and eyes and ejaculated, "God is good, God is good." The processionaries were pinched. The pitiless storm poured upon them from above and from below. The rain was so drenching men, women, and children to the skin and causing their pathway to run rivulets of mud that they marched steadily on—suffer the little girls

STOOD BARRELY AT THEIR POSTS,

and never murmured. Many of the houses along the way were filled with Americans and Irish flags, and crowds of spectators were watching every bit of shelter to see the pacesant pass. Across the street from the Catholic church had been hung a banner with the words, "The Irish are not a race." In and in this vicinity a dense mob of Irish and respectable Italian men, women, and children—some of whom were in the procession—were in the pell-mell crowd and cheered their reckless in the pell-mell crowd.

The procession passed through the Park and reached the Fourteenth street, where they took the cars to Suburbia. The marchers were about 200. Eighty-fourth street. Everything had passed quietly and not an insulting word had been spoken.

On their arrival at the Park, the Italians amused themselves by strolling about, and it is amusing to observe the grounds and participating in the various pleasures the place afforded, such as riding on the wooden horses, swinging in the swings, shooting at a mark, and partaking of plentiful rotations of refreshment. The music was not, however, so good as the ceremonies of the day were about to begin, and everybody gathered around the music stand on the dancing platform, and became silent.

THE ORATION.

Signor Nestore Corradi, the President of the General Committee, now mounted the music stand, and made a few remarks in Italian, after which he introduced the orator of the day, Sign J. A. Signiglio, editor of the *Memphis (Tenn.) Journal*. This Signiglio is a handsome young man, and very eloquent. He spoke in Italian, and carried his audience by storm. The following literal translation of the Signor's remarks:

delivered comparable gifts of Italy. After we received the gifts, we were in a little room, crowded with people, and I felt that I was in a church, hearing, praying for my dear country's great hope, its noblest object, and to-day its proudest boast, the Italian people. I felt that I was in the arms of my patriotic countrymen to bless and glorify as they great event. [Loud applause.] Hopes which have been so often frustrated have been amply realized. The blood of our fathers, which has been shed, that saturated many a hard-fought field, has ripened those hopes into this full fruition. The strength of our arms, the courage of our leaders, the nobility of our motives, the devotion of our patriots, in organizing bands of our countrymen every part of Italy—in persistently treating with scorn rulers—in plotting every means to free our country from the yoke of foreign domination—these had sought has been found. Italy is now all that it

OUR NATIVE TRICOLOR
now floats alike over the "headlong Anio" and
down Itria; over the seven hills of Eternal Rome; o
the palace of the Caesars; over the beautiful bay
of the Tiber; over the "sacred hills" of the Camp
of Mars; the superb, the resting place of Columbus;
over Mantua, the home of Virgil; over the Sabi
nians, the Sabine farm of our immortal Horace; o
our noble ancestors bequeathed to us; over our p
tomb of our bygone heroes, the legacies of our p
battle fields of our warriors. I would imagine our
the atmosphere of freedom, and looking more and
over our regenerated land. This would to day d
the flag of our country. I would have the flag of
[Loud applause.]
your part, it would be an UNWARRANTED
exaction on your part to expect me in this hour
to deliver an oration in form and expression worthy
of the occasion. I would have the flag of our p
ancestry is impeded and his soul rather seeks re
forms of speech. My mind is overflowing himself
be one and attributable to you for which I give you
and of our local society. I am reminded of the day
wherein I had to participate and teach others so

Wh. canst thou be careless,
 Appear the World's
 Myrrour, like a look,
 Should he dare again to wear
 The cruel wreath of our Mother Italy.
 For from this harmful servitude
 Are broken thy chains.
 And a brighter destiny gives thee
 Perennial homage.

Rome immortal! If thou canst conquer
 The hate of ages,
 Chase away the ancient darkness
 And melt the thickest fogs of the future,
 For from this dreadful slavery
 Are broken the chains,
 And a new destiny
 Is reserved for thee.

7) Festivities were continued until a late in

NEW YORK

A DEATH WARRANT SEAL

LAST NIGHT'S JOB IN THE NEW
COMMON COUNCIL.

Grooms from the Tax-Payers of Broad Street-The Nicolson Pavement Entailed-Admiral Prepares to Revert to Private Life.

For more than two years past the question of paving South Broad street, Newark, with stone pavement has been before the Common Council. The property owners on that beautiful avenue have equally divided between Wood and Tar. At first the pavement was made of tar, but the largest number of signs were put up for wood. After a while the Council passed an ordinance to pave the street with a certain kind of wooden pavement. This caused a general howl throughout the city from the stone pavement men. The Mayor beseeched to reinstate what was termed a great win-win job. He did vote the ordinance on the ground that the pavement selected was a patent one, and it would be a great monopoly, the pavement company would make money, and they might get some other business which was competition was possible. This was the matter back in the Camps County.

pent we have had reports here that yellow fever
valled in Charleston. Information received
removes all doubt of its existence there, as
feared in epidemic form. A letter received
morning from a clergyman of Charleston, S. C.,
the malarial type of yellow fever is there a
the writer has himself seen four cases. The
authorities of Wilmington telegraphed to the
of Charleston for information yesterday, but
five o'clock this afternoon had received no a
Yet the Charleston newspapers of yesterday
the health of the city was very being that

ORK, SATURDAY, AUG

GRANT'S OFFICIALS WEST
A Marshal in a Pretty Fix—Whitewash
a Counterfeiting Scheme—Kansas
for Horace Greeley for the White
Confederacy of The Sun.

Frank Green, aged 45 years, while insane day, cut his throat with a razor at 109 South St. He may recover.

Mc. Wm. M. Davis's house, 230 Bridge St., Brooklyn, was struck by lightning yesterday. Mrs. Davis was shocked, but afterward recovered.

John McCormick of 529 Court street, while on the ship Favorite in the bay on afternoon, was suddenly stricken by the lightning and drowned.

UST 26, 1871.

THE OLD WORLD'S
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THE RESIGNATION OF MONS.
AS PRESIDENT.

Lewis Schilling, a member of the Hocking Club of Rockville, Pa., fell overboard and drowned near Randy Hook on Thursday. \$100 is offered for the body.

A military expedition is fitting out Minn. to escort the engineers of the Northern Railroad while they are making the route for the lines through Western Dakota and Kansas, and to repress any hostile demonstrations against Indians in Yellow Stone Valley.

NEWS.

HIDING A POLICEMAN

Somebody's Friend in a Fix—Arrested on a Charge of Grand Theft—The Missing Watch and Chain

land and Fish-
and a reward of
\$100,000.
St. Paul,
where Pacific
operation of
one of the
St. Paul,
where Pacific
operation of
one of the

PRICE TWO

N.
Officer Ar-
Larceny-
How the

dwelling of Andrew Pfeiffer, 112
Thursday morning Pfeiffer's wife
told her husband, who was about
violent in the hallway when he brot
revolver and fired. The flash reveal
three burglars rushed into the ki
n tried to arrest them but Lave
revolver and fired. The thieves esc
terday morning Lavelle was captu
May held him on three charges, s
for the burglary, and \$1,000 for se
cureties.

CENTS.

MYSTERY.
DYING IN
NIGHT.

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the trial at Rhode
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